

This Is What Youth Is All About!

by Michy Star

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Asahi A., Yu N.

Pairings: Asahi A./Yu N.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-06-17 05:24:28

Updated: 2014-06-17 05:24:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:10:06

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,644

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Dating a hot third year comes with many pros and many cons. Nishinoya is discovering more and more of each every single day.

This Is What Youth Is All About!

When Nishinoya liked something with all his heart he put 110% of his effort into it, but when it came to his relationship with Asahi the same couldn't be said. For as much as he liked the third year there were certain blockades they couldn't get past. Whether Asahi saw them or not he wasn't sure, but if he did then he sure as hell wasn't saying anything about them. Then again, that was just how Asahi worked.

Some part of Nishinoya wanted to push the older boy farther. Their time together before he graduated was getting shorter with every passing day and it made Nishinoya desperate to do something before he possibly left for a college far away. He thought about it a lot, and for once it was something he didn't vocalize. After all if he did what would come of it?

He would look like a fool and totally not cool, that's what.

. . .

Their relationship had started rather spur of the moment. One minute they were walking home together after practice and reliving the match they'd had against the other Karasuno members, and somehow it ended with Nishinoya saying something like "I only missed that ball because I was watching you."

And somehow that brought on a whole other conversationâ€"slow and awkwardâ€"about how Nishinoya had been watching Asahi a lot lately, far more often than was normal for teammates. Did he know he was

doing it? Of course he did! That didn't mean he wanted it to be brought out in the open though.

In the end they reached the split in their paths before a resolution could be decided on. But as Asahi turned to leave, cheeks still pink from something other than the setting sun, Nishinoya finally found it in himself to act like he normally did. So, mustering up all the courage he could, he called after Asahi.

"Oi! Youâ€¦| Do you want to go somewhere next weekend?"

They were lucky enough to have been alone, but he wouldn't have been surprised to find out that close by residents or children down by the river had heard him. For someone as small as he was Nishinoya was loud, loud enough to get his point across.

He stared at Asahi's back for some time, wanting to move closer but not letting himself do so. Blood raced throughout his whole body, pounding in his ears like a counter. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, tenâ€¦| And so on.

Asahi replied before he could count up to 50.

"Sure. Do you have any ideas?"

"No!" He spoke without meaning to, only realizing what he had said after it left his mouth. Nishinoya pressed his lips together into a sort of frown, staring at Asahi's face. He tried to find it in himself to poke fun at how the ace's cheeks were now full blown red but he couldn't, not when his own were like that.

"How about we meet near Ukai's shop then decide?"

"Ok!" Was he still yelling? Oops.

In reality Asahi wasn't that far away. He was close enough for Nishinoya to see the blush on his cheeks, the sweat beading on his brow, and the nervous, shy smile just appearing on his lips.

"In that caseâ€¦|It's a date?"

. . .

That night Nishinoya went home, threw his bag on the ground in his room, and laid on his bed staring up at the ceiling for about 30 minutes before it seemed to finally hit him what had just happened.

. . .

"Yuu! Stop making so much noise or the neighbors will complain!"

. . .

Their first date was relatively normal. 'Testing the waters' as some might say. They met at Ukai's shop and the first thing they did was stop to look each other over, laughing about how odd it was not to see the other in a volleyball or school uniform. After that there was at least a minute of twitchy silence, both wondering who should say what first.

When they both finally remembered they were "almost" grown men they decided to just stroll around the area, looking for whatever looked good. They walked for at least 30 minutes talking with each other, acting as if this were not the something else they both knew it was.

Eventually they came across a new pizza place and ate there. There were tables with booths and some without, leaving some options open. Nishinoya glanced over at Asahi to see if he could guess what he was considering, but instead he found that the older boy was looking at him as well, seemingly doing the same.

They ate in a booth but sat opposite each other.

By the end of the day Nishinoya felt like everything that had happened earlier that week was for nothing. He confessed(?) to Asahi and Asahi seemed to feel the same, but in the end nothing happened. They went around the town like normal friends, and whether that was a bad thing or not he still wasn't sure, but it definitely was disappointing.

"| " There they were, walking back home on the same path they went on from school. This time there was no conversation between the two, just what seemed like a never ending silence. Nishinoya kept a straight face but couldn't keep his back straight. He slouched forward a bit, one hand in his pocket and the other hanging limply by his side.

He wondered if he was too forward. Had he mistaken Asahi's look that day? Perhaps he actually found this whole thing weird and was regretting the fact he came along. It was unlike him to think this way, but he couldn't help it. Sure he had shown interest in Shimizu multiple times, but in the end she was almost like a sister to him. A beautiful, kind hearted sister who happened to be great at cooking.

Nishinoya was so lost in his thoughts that he almost missed what happened next. Unknown to him Asahi had been glancing over at him again and had even tried getting his attention, all to no avail. Apparently fed up with being ignored the taller boy decided to get Nishinoya's attention in the easiest way. In one easy motion Nishinoya now had one hand in his pocket and his other hand in Asahi's.

Their steady pace came to a halt. Nishinoya was stunned and looked from Asahi's hand to his face then back to his hand. Like everything else about him Asahi's hand was large, worn from spiking a volleyball over and over. But it was really, really warm and even a little sweaty, though he didn't mind. As Nishinoya glanced back at Asahi's face once more he found that nervous smile on it. It was contagious and soon he was smiling as well.

"What, _you're _making the first move now?"

Asahi seemed to consider something before smiling again, scratching his cheek with his free hand. "Yeah, I guess so. Is it really that weird?"

"No|It's nice."

When they had to separate that night Nishinoya found it harder to do. Suddenly everything that had happened that day was like a faint memory. He wanted to stay out with Asahi longer, hold his hand some more and talk with him without the feeling of a wall between them.

But parents called and so did homework. Before he left Nishinoya gave Asahi's hand a tight squeeze, lighting up even more as he received a squeeze back.

. . .

In a small school like Karasuno news spread fast. It spread even faster when you were friends with a loud mouth punk and were last seen going around town with a guy usually mistaken for a loud mouth punk.

Nishinoya was used to Tanaka's over exaggerated reactions and would usually even participate in them, but this time, and this is what had everyone worried, he didn't. Instead of fulfilling Tanaka's desperate need to know why he and Asahi had gone out for pizza on a weekend without him, Nishinoya was instead thinking about how he spent a free weekend getting pizza and holding hands with Asahi. The two hadn't seen each other again since that day, but at practice after school they would be reunited.

How would he act? It was just one date and some hand holding. It could all mean nothing, but even then Nishinoya was worried. Would Daichi kick them off the team? 'No relationships in the office!' type thing, or maybe even a simple 'that's weird.' Nishinoya had no idea how his teammates would react to their new "possible" relationship. What would cause more trouble, the fact they were both guys? That they were on the same team and could ruin the balance? Or maybe the fact Asahi looked like he was 25 and Nishinoya was the height of a freshman?

By the time school was over and practice was about to start Nishinoya still hadn't come to any conclusions. He wondered now if Asahi had thought about these same questions as well, because when they saw each other there was a hesitance to their greetings. Their awkward arrival brought some stares and only made Nishinoya question himself more.

How were you supposed to keep a secret when both parties wore their heart on their sleeves?

. . .

They were able to keep their relationship hidden from the rest of the team until the end of the latest training camp. By then they'd had even less time to be together alone, but that didn't stop the two from exchanging glances and smiles, holding hands on the walk home when they were by themselves or even twisting their fingers together in the gym when no one was looking. Even with all these small intimate moments they were only caught red handed after the end of a match.

It had been a difficult match for sure. The team was split in two again and this time each side had strong players and weaker ones.

Nishinoya was lucky to be on Asahi's side but other pairs like Hinata and Kageyama were split up. The incentive for the match was that the losing team had to clean the gym by themselves, lock up, and buy everyone something from Ukai's store.

Nishinoya blamed it on Tanaka who was on the other side. Both of them got too riled up and were trying to outdo each other, and by the time the game had ended Nishinoya was literally bouncing with happiness. Nishinoya went around to his teammates cheering, exchanging high fives and grins. When he got to Asahi however he acted before thinking, jumping right into his arms and hugging him. He hugged the taller male tight while still laughing and smiling. When he looked down at the older boy he saw bright red cheeks and a stunned stare that eventually turned into a smile. Nishinoya felt a hand pat his side and he grinned wider.

"Uh."

That is, until he came down from his adrenaline high and remembered where they were. His head shot up and he looked around, still sitting in Asahi's arms. Sugawara and Daichi had expressions like they were laughing at some inside joke, Tanaka and the other second years just stared, and all the first years were gaping at them. Shimizu had a brow quirked and Ukai seemed to have a vein twitching in his forehead. Takeda had noticed it as well and was trying to calm him down from anything he might say.

"I'm going to put you down nowâ€" "

"Let me down!"

. . .

"Um, I have enough money to buy things for you and the other second years I think."

"Whatever. Help me take the nets down."

. . .

After the practice match incident new rules were placed upon the volleyball club, imposed by the great Coach Ukai's grandson himself.

No public displays of affection during matches, whether practice or not.

Leave the relationship stuff at home.

And finally, if you really want to spend time with your significant other do it outside.

All in all they weren't too bad; it could have been much worse. Besides, they had been doing that before, so nothing would really change. Even someone as hyperactive as Nishinoya knew when to separate his sports life and his personal life. If there was anything that would change it'd be how their teammates looked at them.

It was nice to find out that his teammates were actually very accepting. Tanaka was the biggest surprise; when his turn to say

something came up he simply looked at Nishinoya and Asahi and said, "Dammit, now I owe Ennoshita \$20 dollars."

Sugawara and Daichi had long guessed from Asahi's appearance that something happened. According to them the day after his and Nishinoya's first date he came back looking like a 'love sick fool.'

Hinata thought it was cool how Nishinoya was dating the ace and Kageyama stuttered out a congratulations like they were some married couple expecting.

Shimizu gave them a thumbs up.

Well, it could have been worse.

. . .

All of those events led up to this moment. Their school year was nearing its end, and other than go on a few dates and hold hands and hug they hadn't done anything. Nishinoya was becoming impatient but still, he said nothing. This hadn't been such a problem until he overheard the third years talking about their plans for after high school. It was only then that Nishinoya realized how short his time with Asahi was becoming. Sometimes he forgot that he wasn't in the same year as Asahi, though it was more like wishful thinking.

Now, onto the problem at handâ€¦

In their months of dating they had almost kissed a few times, but at the last moment something would always happen. Whether it be Asahi getting shy or someone else catching their attention, _something _would almost always happen. At times it left Nishinoya wondering if the gods just didn't want them to kiss. Perhaps hand holding and cuddling was all that they were going forever condemned to do.

Well screw that! He was getting a kiss one way or another, whether the gods wanted it to be or not.

It only took about three days to mull over, but in the end Nishinoya decided that he'd much rather look like a fool than do nothing and let Asahi graduate kiss-less. As far as he was concerned he would be doing the both of them a favor.

The more he thought back on their relationship's ups and downs the more he realized how the only way things progressed was because someone, either him or Asahi, made an upfront first move. If he snuck around and wimped out now everything would have been for nothing. He decided he'd put his plan into action the next time they saw each otherâ€”that Sunday at Asahi's house.

"Asahi! I'm going to kiss you right now, ok?" Nishinoya turned around in the taller boy's lap till he was facing him. At first it seemed like Asahi hadn't really heard him because he nodded, eyes not leaving his book.

"Mm, okâ€¦Waitâ€¦what?!"

"I said I'm going to kiss you. That's alright, right?"

"Well..." Asahi glanced around the room, eyes eventually meeting Nishinoya's intent ones. He turned his gaze away again, pressing his lips together. His fingers played with the corners of his book, bending the pages and fiddling with the cover. The longer he took to reply the more Nishinoya began to doubt that his tactic of being upfront was truly the way to go. He knew how Asahi worked, so now he just had to wait. It was either going to be a yes or no—"though if he said no Nishinoya just might end up chewing him out.

"Well?" Asahi was the type that needed pushing, and Nishinoya was there to push. Sometimes it could be a pain and frustrating, but so long as Asahi finally said what he was feeling and thought then he considered it a job well done. "There's nothing wrong with that is there?"

"No! I just—" He looked embarrassed and conflicted at the same time. Was there really something big about kissing him? He pulled on the pages of his book a few more times before setting it down, shifting so he was sitting up straighter. It took another half minute before Asahi finally spoke. "It's ok, if you want to."

With those few words Nishinoya's mood brightened considerably. Being upfront worked! He wanted to pat himself on the back for a job well done. While Nishinoya basked in his small but large victory Asahi pushed his loose hair back, watching his boyfriend quietly and waiting.

Once his little celebration party was over Nishinoya was left sitting in between Asahi's legs, the two of them staring at each other. Now that his excitement had worn off Nishinoya was able to fully understand and think about what was going to happen soon. That's when a sudden wave of nervousness crashed over him.

This whole time he was demanding a kiss, but now that it could actually happen he found himself hesitating. How did one kiss another? You just, lean forward and push your lips together, right? It seemed like a simple enough action. Even so his heart was quickly speeding up and making him feel light headed.

Nishinoya scooted forward, sitting up on his knees so that he was at least close to being face to face with the taller boy. For as long as they had been dating Nishinoya couldn't recall ever getting this close to Asahi—"all the other times they had almost kissed didn't count. Up close he could see little details about Asahi that he never thought too much about.

How he already had faint worry lines at such a young age, how deep brown his eyes really were, and how he'd probably have to shave in a few more days if he didn't want to start growing a mustache.

Would his goatee tickle when they kissed? Nishinoya remembered hearing someone on one of his mom's shows say that before.

All these thoughts crossed his mind and instead of ignoring them he mulled over them, drawing out the moment much longer than it really needed to be. This was his way of dealing with being nervous about a first kiss—"get in his boyfriend's face and just stare until he gathered enough confidence.

"Nishinoya—" ?

"Didn't I say you could call me Yuu?" For someone who was inwardly freaking out his voice was rather steady. Perhaps it was because the topic of names was something easy and familiar, unlike all this kissing business.

"Yeah, butâ€¦"

"â€¦" This was hopeless. He was actually starting to get annoyed with his own indecisiveness. Being upfront and forward was the way to go, that's what he had to keep reminding himself.

Nishinoya moved forward once more and tilted his head up to meet Asahi's lips, pressing his own against them. He felt Asahi freeze and tense up, unresponsive. The reaction made Nishinoya pull away and open his eyes a crack. He looked up at the older boy, watching his face. When he saw no frowns or signs of regret he leaned forward and kissed him again, this time reaching down and grabbing his hand as he did so.

Asahi's hand was still larger than his own would ever be, and like that day many months ago it was a little damp with sweat, but even now he didn't mind.

For the second time he pulled away and this time it was Asahi who followed. It was a pleasant surprise, one that Nishinoya accepted with a wide grin and a kiss back. Soon his free hand was also grabbed, Asahi pulling him a little closer as they kissed.

That one kiss seemed to last forever; it only ended when Asahi pulled away. Nishinoya waited, but there was no returning kiss so he opened his eyes again. The first thing he saw in front of him was Asahi's colored face, pink with a small grin on his lips.

This time when he tried to smile back he found it extremely hard. As Nishinoya felt his cheeks heat up he remembered the day he first asked Asahi out. By the end of that day he'd also been burning a bright red like he was now, but this time Asahi was in front of him and facing him instead of turned away and barely within hearing distance. Both his hands were caught in a hold and his lips were faintly damp from the kiss.

He finally got what he wanted, and it wasn't like he imagined it'd be at all. In his imagination he would swoop Asahi off his feet and maybe even dip him into a kiss, grinning as the older boy would fan himself. In reality it was like this, with him sitting on his knees between his boyfriend's lap, in his room and holding both of his hands.

"Huhâ€¦better."

"Hm?"

"Reality is much better."

"Ahâ€¦ok?" Asahi looked confused but smiled anyway, already used to Nishinoya's weird comments. "Happy now?"

"Yeah." Nishinoya broke Asahi's hold on his hands and instead wrapped his arms around Asahi. Suddenly self-conscious of his red face he hid

it against Asahi's broad chest. Above him he heard him chuckle, the sound vibrating against his ear. It was a nice sound, one that he hoped he'd be able to hear again and more often. They may only have a little more time together, but Nishinoya was determined to make the most of it that he could.

"Good job!"

"Is it really necessary to say that...?" Asahi sighed and laughed again, ruffling Nishinoya's hair before returning his hug.

End
file.